'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue Prerogatiue,
And when in musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hor. Sirra, I will bear these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why Gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife heere sit we downe,
Take you the instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument,
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc.

Luc. Here Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, h*
steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, S
hic est, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sig*
thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and tha
a wooing *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, re
celsa senis that we might beguile the old Pa
Hort. Madam my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie the treble iarre
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune aga
Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it.
you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you n
take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presum
paire not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base kna
Luc. How fierie and forward our peda
Now for my life the knaue doth court my lo
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleiue yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleeue my master, else I p
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you
Hort. You may go walke, and giue me le
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musition groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instr
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamouth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectuall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)